Henry VIII.—Margaret and Mackail and I. It was delicious to go out again and see mankind, after such evil days. How kind they were to me no words can say—I went in at a private door and then into a cosy box and back the same way, swiftly, and am marvellously the better for the adventure. No YOU, alas !

" I have written to Mr. Irving just to thank Mm for his great kindness in making the path of pleasure so easy, for I go tremblingly at present. But I could not say to Mm what I thought of the Cardinal—a sort of shame keeps one from saying to an artist what one tMnks of his -work —but to you I can say how nobly he warmed up the story of the old religion to my exacting mind in that impersonation. I shall think always of dying monarchy in Ms Charles—and always of dying Merarchy in Ms Wolsey. How Protestant and dull all grew when that noble type had gone !

" I can't go to church till red cardinals comeback (and may they be of exactly that red) nor to Court till trumpets and banners come back—nor to evening parties till the dances are like that dance. What a lovely young Queen has been found. But there was no YOU. . . . Perhaps it was as well. I couldn't have you slighted even in a play, and put aside. When I go back to see you, as I soon will, it will be easier. Mr. Irving let me know you would not act, and proposed that I should go later on—wasn't that like him ? So I sat with my children and was right happy; and, as usual, the streets looked dirty and all the people muddy and black as we came away. Please not to answer this stuff.

" Ever yours affectionately,

" E. B.-J.

" —I wish that Cardinal could have been made Pope, and sat with his foot on the Earl of Surrey's neck. Also I wish to be a Cardinal; but thea.''! sometimes want to be a pirate. "We can't have all we want:

" Your boy was, very* kind—I thought the race of young men who are polite and attentive to old fading ones had passed away with antique pageants—but it isn't so."

When the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire gave the